II.

" Not * for themſelves the bees prepare
" Their honey, and the fleecy care,
" Not for themſelves are ſhorn:
" Not for themſelves the warblers build,
" Not for themſelves the lands are till'd,
" By them that tread the corn."

III.

The Lord ſhed on the Holy Rood
His infinitely gen'rous blood,
Not for himſelf, but all;
Yea e'en for them that pierc'd his ſide,
In patient agony he died,
To remedy the fall.

IV.

O highly rais'd above the ranks
Of Angels -- he cou'd e'en give thanks,
Self-rais'd and ſelf-renew'd—
Then who can praiſe, and love, and fear
Enough? -- ſince he himſelf, 'tis clear,
Is alſo gratitude.

* Virgil.

HYMN XXII.

GRATITUDE.

I.

I Upon the firſt creation
Clap'd my wings with loud applauſe,
Cherub of the higheſt ſtation,
Praiſing, bleſſing, without pauſe.